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Poetry.

From the Journal of Commerce.

Valuable Facts of Science from the Great Flatlands.

A most interesting *impromptu* meeting of the late afternoon session of the Progress, happened in our city during last week. Gen. Ward B. Burnett, Surveyor General of Kansas and Nebraska, accompanied by Maj. F. Hann, geologist, recently returned from the completion of the former's tour of the West, were in the city. Dr. Norwood, the State Geologist, the former coming from the summit crest of the Cordillera in the West, the latter bringing up the systematic State Surveys from the East.

The party from the Territories have located the base line of the Federal land system, dividing asunder Kansas from Nebraska Territory, from the bank of the Missouri river to the summit of the Great Smoky Mountains, from a point just west of Pike's and Long's Peaks to the summit of Pike's Peak. This point is very central to the region of gold production, so far as it has yet been extended. Dr. Norwood, engaged in the detailed geological survey of the State, returned from a tour of the boundary line of Missouri in Jackson county.

Miscellaneous

backbone of the supreme Cordillera of the Continent. This is an achievement of profound interest and significance to the popular tide of pioneers which is pouring forth to plant empire over the immense arena of the Plains, to scale the battlements of the Sierras, to reach the summits upon the Plateaus of the Table Land.

The chronic, dogmatic delusion of a *great American Desert*, is utterly pulverized out of existence, smoked out of and off our continental arena and its advocates silenced forever by the annihilating, trumpet-voice of Nature, as she speaks the truth.

As thus, the gradual completion of a geological chart of Missouri, establishing the existence of coal measures of stupendous proportions, appearing in terraced benches, one above the other, and cropping out in front of the explorer like the slabs of a continental staircase, to one who

ascends toward the west. These terraces of coal attenuate with the strata of limestone (carbonate of lime) from which our fertile soils are made and of which the whole foundation of our country is built by nature. These gentlemen from the Territories, simply establish the fact that this sublime order of geological progression continues with undeviating uniformity clear up to where the porphyry walls of the Cordillera elevate their perpendicular planks out of it, as the coast rises from the expanse of the sea. As we travel up from hence to the Cordillera, perhaps about midway, the carbonate of lime ceases to be seen and a similar stupendous array

of the sulphate of lime (plaster of Paris) takes its place onward until the porphyry of the Cordillera surmounts the calcareous world beneath. The Cordillera traverses the continent from south to north, presenting a continuous back bone of porphyry beyond the Cordillera, the stupendous system of terraces of sulphate and carbonate of lime and of coal measures, resume their possession of the continent clear out to the Pacific sea. On this latter front, the regularity of the slope is interrupted by the innumerable volcanic chains of the PLATEAU and by the snow-covered Cordillera of the Andes, which protrude themselves through the

The possibility of any desert in Northern America is then finally disproved and the reiterated assertion of its existence must die out. This dogmatic mirage of deserts has ceased to haunt the Basin of the Mississippi, having been chased out of it by the zealous efforts to establish its existence and locality. THE MOUNTAIN FORMATION, as it is equal in area to the Mississippi Basin, so is it equally fertile and equally as propitious and propitious to man as the latter. It is the seat of the splendor and the harmony of details which speak up the predestined site of the Omum

cratic Republic Empire of the American people. Finally, to the mind imbued with truth and incapable of halting short of its complete proportions, our continent viewed as a unit, is as easily comprehended in its fair and simple configuration, is the sea, of which it is the counterpane and with which it divides the area of the globe. G.

INDEPENDENCE, Nov. 25th, '59.

Running in Debt.

Of what a frightful progeny of ills are woe, is debt the parent. Some one once forcibly remarks, that if the young could

but know the fatal misery they are entangling upon themselves the very moment they accept a pecuniary credit, to which they are not entitled by their actual existing necessities, how would they stagger back and pause in the career! How pause would they turn. How would they tremble and clasp their hands in agony at the frightful abyss which yawns before them.

Debt has been well said to be the mother of folly and of crime. It taints the fountain of all our joys, and embitters life to its very source. Hence we see so many

unhappy families, so many venal pressmen, so many marketable politicians. Debt may be a very small matter in the beginning, but it has a giant's growth and requires a giant's strength. When we create the monster we make our master, who haunts us at all hours, and shakes his braided whip constantly in our sight. Keep out of debt. Buy nothing because it is cheap, on a credit—pay-day will

come, and come perhaps at a time when you are ill prepared for it. Keep the shackles off your limbs—this burden from your shoulders. No slave has a taskmaster so severe as the thing called *time*.
—*Am. Leader.*

Little Things.
Springs are little things, but they are the sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but mark how evenly it governs the course of the largest ship that ever floated the waters; pegs and nails

are little things, but they hold together the large parts of the largest buildings; that memento is a little thing, and yet it expresses the universe, for it is a thought of love clothed in a form of beauty; angry word, a jealous thought, a frown—all these are little things, but powerful evil, and are helping to fill the penitentiaries and prisons, with those who have merely carried the same passions and feelings further than we have. Mind these little things.

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